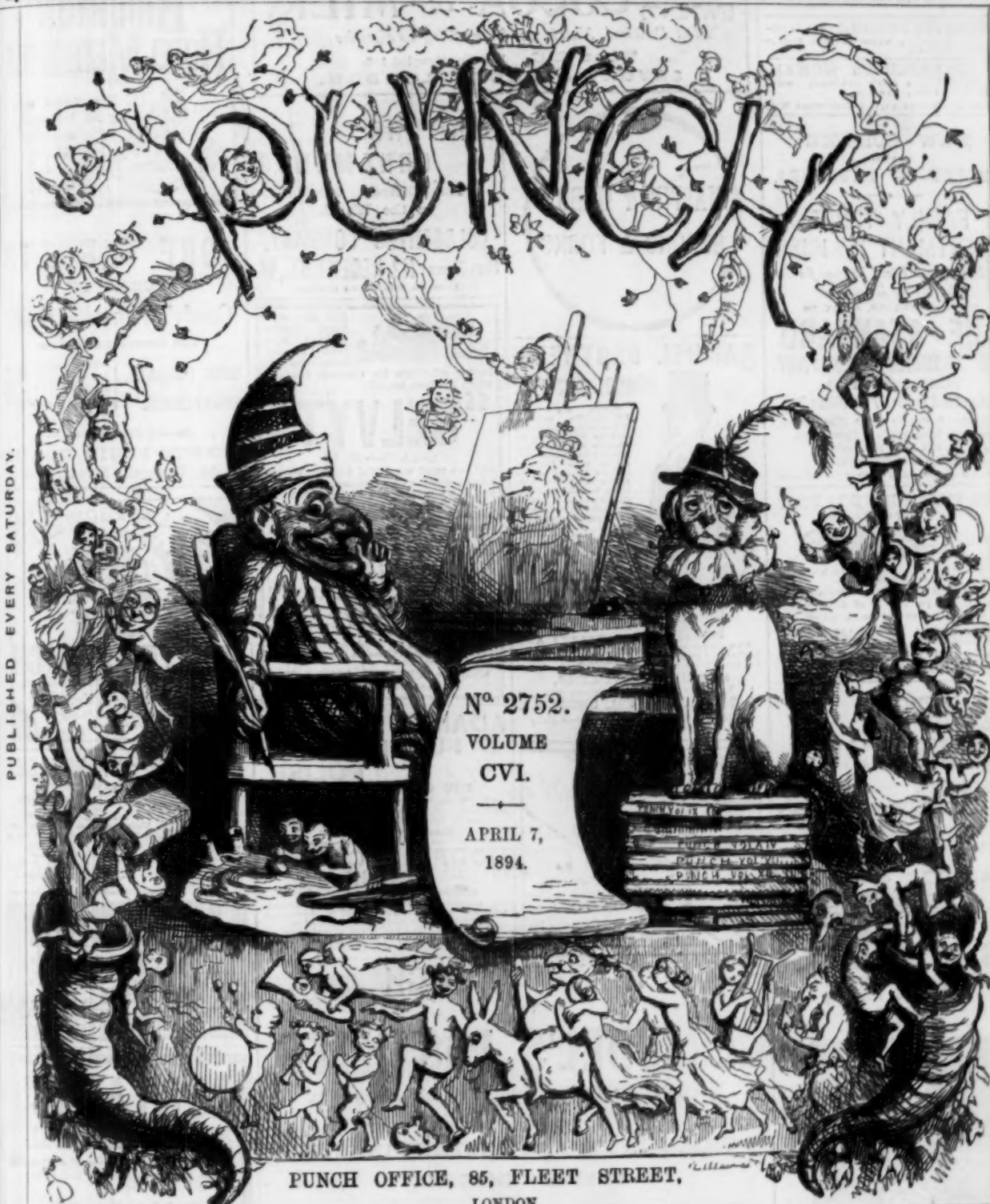


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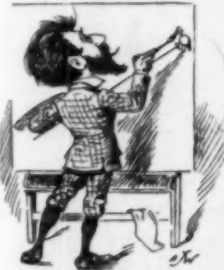
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Second A. E. And English artists particularly!

[Scene closes in upon preparations for a great intellectual treat for the Pillars of Art in England.]

LIVELY TIMES IN DRURY LANE.

"DRURIOLANUS" is doing well, very well, with his "Operas in English." The National Theatre has been crowded on the nights it has been opened for the reception of the Public and the Public's favourites. *Maritana*, *Faust*, *Carmen*, and *The Bohemian Girl*, have been played in turn and with equally satisfactory results. At the initial performance of BALFE's masterpiece it was (musically) noted that "You'll Remember Me" was not encored. Quite so, the dear old girl (she's fifty if she's a day) could be recollected without a reminder. Every melody is as familiar in our mouths (with pianoforte accompaniment) as household words. As the composer (who was more of an Irishman than a Frenchman) might have said of the libretto, "it is *tres Bunn*." Sir AUGUSTUS seems to have discovered a Lane without a turning. Drama, Pantomime and Opera may be seen one after the other, but they keep to the same straight road—the road to success. So we can sing "Turn on Old Times" (adapted from *Maritana*) without any fear for the consequences.



JUSTICE TO SHRIMPS.

A MASS meeting of shrimps took place yesterday in Tide Park, a nice sandy reach at the mouth of the Thames mid-way between the Kent and Essex coasts. As it was a Bank Holiday for all crustaceans, the banks were deserted, and a large attendance was the result. The state of the water was as calm as could have been desired, and the only drawback was a mist supposed to be due to the Barking outfall.



The Chair-Shrimp said that the object of that imposing demonstration was known to all. They had crawled there in their thousands in order to support the Bill now before Parliament to check the sale of French and Belgian shrimps. (Cheers.) The meeting, of course, was aware that owing to this unfair foreign competition the value of true-born British shrimps had been reduced to half what it once was. (Cries of "Shame!") He protested against this immigration of destitute alien shrimps, creatures—he meant—who were destitute of the praiseworthy and realistic flavour which, as all the world acknowledged, belonged to themselves. (Applause.)

The foreign shrimp was a fraud. He put it to the meeting—did his tail come off as easily as their own? ("No, No.") Had he the same fine colour? ("No.") What he desired was protection to native industries, and shrimps were industrious, whatever prawns might say to the contrary. (Cheers.) The whole effort of their existence was to taste nice, and keep up their character on the British teatable. (General cheering.)

The Next Speaker (who declined to give his name for fear of losing his situation) remarked that what was really wanted was the formation of a National Union of Amalgamated Crustaceans. Even prawns and crayfish should be included. ("No!" and uproar.) The foreign shrimp was a blackleg. (Cheers.) Let them drive him back to Belgium by picketing the eastern coasts, and at the same time establish a large strike fund! (Applause.) To set up such a fund it was only necessary for them all to shell out. (Laughter.)

Another Shrimp declared that he was a Free Trader. (Hisses.) Let the foreigners compete with them! Did they think the British public were such idiots as not to know the difference of taste between the two? ("Yes" and "No.") If they liked, let the foreigners have the words "Made in Belgium" inscribed on their backs prior to sale. (Cheers, and a voice "No room.") He agreed that there was no room for them in England. (Laughter.) But let them trust to the principles of free trade to drive them out! (Cheers, hisses, and confusion.)

At this point the Resolution was put and declared carried amid great enthusiasm, and the proceedings terminated with the usual vote of thanks to the Chair-Shrimp.

"WEARY! SO WEARY!"—On Friday last a gentleman wrote to the *Times*, signing himself "A Barrister of Twenty Years' Standing." Did he take a chair and sit down to write that letter? If so, has he ever got up again?

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[Scene closes in upon preparations for a great intellectual treat for the Pillars of Art in England.

LIVELY TIMES IN DRURY LANE.

"DRURIOPLANUS" is doing well, very well, with his "Operas in English." The National Theatre has been crowded on the nights it has been opened for the reception of the Public and the Public's favourites. *Mariand*, *Faust*, *Carmen*, and *The Bohemian Girl*, have been played in turn and with equally satisfactory results. At the initial performance of BAILEY'S masterpiece it was (musically) noted that "You'll Remember Me" was not smothered. Quite so, the dear old girl (she's fifty if she's a day) could be recollected without a reminder. Every melody is as familiar in our mouths (with pianoforte accompaniment) as household words. As the composer (who was more of an Irishman than a Frenchman) might have said of the libretto, "it is *tree Dunn*." Sir AUGUSTUS seems to have discovered a Lane without a turning. Drama, Pantomime and Opera may be seen one after the other, but they keep to the same straight road—the road to success. So we can sing "Turn on Old Times" (adapted from *Mariand*) without any fear for the consequences.



JUSTICE TO SHRIMPS.

A MASS meeting of shrimps took place yesterday in Tide Park, a nice sandy reach at the mouth of the Thames mid-way between the Kent and Essex coasts. As it was a Bank Holiday for all crustaceans, the banks were deserted, and a large attendance was the result. The state of the water was as calm as could have been desired, and the only drawback was a mist supposed to be due to the Barking outfall.

The Chair-Shrimp said that the object of that imposing demonstration was known to all. They had crawled there in their thousands in order to support the Bill now before Parliament to check the sale of French and Belgian shrimps. (Cheers.) The meeting, of course, was swayed that owing to this unfair foreign competition the value of true-born British shrimps had been reduced to half what it once was. (Cries of "Shame!") He protested against this immigration of *destitute alien shrimps*, creatures—be meant—who were destitute of the patriotism and aquatic flavour which, as all the world acknowledged, belonged to themselves. (Applause.)

The foreign shrimp was a fraud. He put it to the meeting—did his tail come off as easily as their own? ("No, No.") Had he the same fine colour? ("No.") What he desired was protection to native industries, and shrimps were industries, whatever species might say to the contrary. (Cheers.) The whole object of their gathering was to taste nice, and keep up their character on the British sea-table. (General cheering.)

The Next Speaker (who declined to give his name for fear of losing his situation) remarked that what was really wanted was the formation of a National Union of Immigrants. (Applause.) Even prawns and crayfish should be included. ("No!" and applause.) The foreign shrimp was a blushing. (Cheers.) Let them drive him back to Belgium by packing the customs coast, and at the same time establish a large cricket field! (Applause.) To get on such a limb it was only necessary for them all to shut out. (Laughter.)

Another Shrimp declared that he was a Free Trader. (Hisses.) Let the foreigners compete with them! But they must be British public were much more apt to know the difference of their own and the two? ("Yes" and "No.") If they must, let the foreigners have the words "Made in Belgium" scratched on their backs for a mile. (Cheers, and a voice "No more.") He asked that they give no more for them in England. (Laughter.) But let them learn to the principles of free trade to their own loss! (Cheers, hisses, and confusion.)

At this point the Resolution was put and adopted, carried amid great enthusiasm, and the proceedings terminated with the usual vote of thanks to the Chair-Shrimp.

"Weeps" as Weeps—"Oh, they had a gentlemanly fight for the Times, saying 'I'm a Purveyor of Freshly Caught Shrimps.' But he takes a chair and as down to write that letter? No, but he ever got up again?"

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS'S VISION.

An Object-Lesson for School-Board Fanatics.

["To-day the scene of the village schoolmistress's labour is, as often as not, one from which brightness and beauty seem for ever banished, and one calculated to depress the spirits

of the most dauntless. The room itself is far too often a mere whitewashed barn, its damp, unplastered walls innocent of ornament, save for a few ancient maps that saw the light of day while

Africa was yet a howling wilderness. . . . and windows and doors that periodically give inclemency an opportunity of scoring an easy victory over primitive carpentry. . . . 'I live in lodgings



FANCY GOLF PICTURE.

"THE BOGEY COMPETITION."

(writes a mistress) which are very inferior. I cannot be supplied with two rooms, only a bedroom. (For this room she pays £10 a year.) I cook my own dinner in school, also tea, and pass the time away by reading, &c., until 9 p.m., then I go to my lodgings, and retire to rest." I ask you to picture for yourselves the condition of this woman in winter, sitting all the black, frozen evening through in her solitary schoolroom."—*Mr. T. J. Macnamara's Paper on "The Rural Schoolmistress, her Conditions of Servitude," read before the Meeting of the National Union of Teachers.*

"To every class we have a school assign'd,
Rules for all ranks, and food for every mind:

Yet one there is, that small regard to rule
Or study pays, and still is deem'd a school;
That, where a deaf, poor, patient widow sits,
And aces some thirty infants as she knits."

This is no picture of to-day; 'twas so,
Of school, well-nigh a century ago [best,"
Sang "Nature's sternest painter, yet the
Uncompromising CRABBE. Now east and west
The autocratic School Board spreads its sway,
Whilst toiling myriads applaud—and pay!
And yet CRABBE's pencil here might find a
theme
Like MACNAMARA's pen!

It seems a dream
Of nightmare hideousness and sordid gloom
That white-faced woman in that whitewashed
room;
Worn with the long day's ministrations;
In chilly loneliness, silence absolute,
Grilling her supper o'er the scanty stove.
No brisk companionship, no light, no love;

Nought womanly, save patience and the grace
That arduous culture lends the homeliest
face;

No comfort in that bleak, blank, barn-like
waste,
Nothing to warm the heart or charm the taste,
Only Boeotian bareness coarse and crude,
Discomfort drear, and soulless solitude!

Was it for this she drudged by day and
night,
As taught or teacher? Is this piteous plight
The goal of five years study strenuous,
brave?—

A lonely, tired, "certificated" slave!
CRABBE's "patient widow," COWPER's pious
dame, [fame,
And GOLDSMITH's "village master," dear to
The Yankee "School - marm," or the
"Hoosier" quaint,
The shrewd hedge - pedant Irish fancies
paint;—

All these antique and antiquated types
Of pedagogues with poverty at grips,
More genial growths of homely nature show,
With more of hopeful ease and human glow,
Than this the latest and most "up-to-date"
Pale product of a pedagogic State.
The scholar-task, the pupil-teachership,
Instruction's spur, Examination's whip,
The training-college; all the learned fuss,
From FORSTER down to DIGGLE, ending—
thus?

All the sage schemes—perfection absolute!—
ARNOLD could plan or ACLAND execute
Seen culminating in the cruel gloom
Of this wan woman in this wretched room?

"Brutal severity of work, to crush
Her womanhood clean out!" Health's roscate
flush

Frozen to pallor, as her long-stored stock
Of varied learning to her rustic flock
Of dull, precarious pupils is outpoured,
At the dictation of a blundering Board,
Tyrannical Committees overtask her;
High-stomached village autocrats will ask
her

Zeal in return for snubbing; bigots job
And the mean, pettifogging school-board snob
Makes her dull life a burden and a fear—
She—passing poor on forty pounds a year!

Look on this picture pedants, and on that
Of the old school-dame who in snugness sat,
Head-kerchief'd, knitting blandly, holding
rule

O'er urchins in the old quaint village school,
With horn-book, slate and sampler, and con-
ceive

If our poor, knowledge-stuffed, pale slip of Eve,
Weary of ceaseless work, and starless gloom,
Falling asleep in her bleak, whitewashed
room,

Dreams not with envy of that old dame's lot
In days when Standards and School Boards
were not;

And wonder if in order to command
Our new Ideal, an Educated Land,
'Tis really needful that that land should
have

In a schoolmistress an instructed slave;
Doom her to life with dull discomfort
fraught,
And sacrifice the Teacher o the Taught



HUSBANDING—HIS RESOURCES.

Felix. "HEAD BAD TO-NIGHT, DARLING?"

Beatrice. "IT IS RATHER, DEAR."

Felix (mentally reviewing his accomplishments). "SHALL I—SMOKE A LITTLE TO YOU, DARLING?"

OUR UNDERPAID COUNTY COURT JUDGES.

DEAR SIR,—I notice that the *Times*, in a very recent article on County Court Judges, states that in many cases these learned gentlemen are underpaid. I infer from this, that unless their salaries are raised their Honours will resign, for I cannot believe that if they imagine that their salaries are insufficient they will continue to dispense justice at an inadequate remuneration. This is where, with deference and, I venture to hope, humility, ERNED COUNSEL comes in. I am willing to accept a County Court Judgeship, (1) because I think £1500 a year an ample stipend for the services which I should render; and (2) because I want the post—I may add with truth, want it badly. Some time ago I warned the LORD CHANCELLOR that unless I were provided for I should take steps to make myself felt, unpleasantly felt. My hand was temporarily stayed by the fact that a solicitor induced me to believe that he would brief me in a case in which my fee would be 400 guineas, to say nothing of daily refreshers. Before my brief was delivered, the parties compromised—at least, the solicitor said they did, though I have my doubts as to whether the whole thing was not a put-up job.

Now, however, the LORD CHANCELLOR has another chance. As I have said, I am prepared to sacrifice my prospects at the Bar, and to suffer the brilliant Junior to be forgotten in the hard-working County Court Judge. When the present underpaid occupants of that dignified office resign, I know of no two names which would be more rapturously hailed by an appreciative public than A. BRIEFLESS, JUN., and L. ERNED COUNSEL. There I leave the matter, and, for I hope the last time as a stuff-gownsmen, subscribe myself,

Yours faithfully,

L. ERNED COUNSEL.

102, Temple Gardens, E.C., March 30.

Mrs. R. heard some lovely Irish songs lately: they were called, "Oft in the Chilly Night," "The Harp that once through Sara's Halls," and "The Minster Boy."

THE NEW "CURSE OF LABOUR."

LABOUR is looked on as the "Primal Curse,"

And that perchance in some respects is true;

Civilisation has devised a worse,

As shown when toilers find "no work to do."

Faith fails, and Charity chills, and Hope lies dead,

When Labour cannot win its "daily bread."

Alas for honest industry, and willing,

Which welcomes death because it *may* not work!

Thy torments, idle-handed Toil, are thrilling.

Society this question may not shirk:

What *shall* we do with starved, industrious pride,

That, reft of work, seeks rest in—suicide?

NOTE ON THE NEW PIECE AT THE HAYMARKET.—We wonder how many dramatic authors have thought of placing the old story of "The Emperor of China's Mantle" on the stage and have been baffled by the impossibility of representing the Emperor as a "study from the nude," walking alone, in a procession, until a little child called out "Why, he's got nothing on!" It was a "new de-parture" on which no English author, experienced or inexperienced, had liked to venture. And now it is produced at the Haymarket, after being "made in Germany!" We hope that Mr. ARMERUSTER, who is responsible for the music to Mr. TREE's new piece, has carefully interwoven with his own melodies the theme of the once popular ditty, "He's got 'em on!"

"RAILWAY RATES BILL."—One clause of this is to insure strict punctuality, as for certain trains certain rates are to be kept up, and the time of arrival is to be reduced to a practical certainty. These trains are to be henceforth known and spoken of as "Certain trains running on a certain system."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, March 29.—Pity HANBURY didn't observe SOLICITOR-GENERAL entering House just now, whilst he was bringing indictment against Law Officers of Crown. Had he seen him, even HANBURY's heart would have melted. But so absorbed in admiration of his own eloquence, so embarrassed by his consort the CAP'EN constantly running up signals conveying instructions, that he missed opportunity. Been on his legs long time when RIGBY timidly entered. Business proposed was to get into Committee and vote Civil Service Estimates. HANBURY interposed with amendment charging Law Officers with meanly, not to say fraudulently, evading honourable understanding entered upon when they took office, specifically restricting their private practice. Been on the track for some months, putting questions plainly insinuating that, with guilty connivance of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, CHARLES RUSSELL and JOHN RIGBY were playing nice little game. To-night crystallised insinuations in form of definite charge.

RUSSELL in his place to reply. On his left SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, in high good humour.

"The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has no business to laugh," said HANBURY, annoyed at such levity when he was speaking.

For Leader of House, witnessing waste of its precious time, truly no laughing matter. But the SQUIRE is, after all, human, and, knowing how completely the elderly young man opposite was giving himself away, could not help chuckling. Half-way through HANBURY's speech, when he had said same thing over only four times, RIGBY entered, with elaborate look of expecting nothing particular going on. House not very full, but broad smile illumined faces on both sides below Gangway when they caught sight of him, standing at Bar looking wiser than ever. Conscious of concentrated gaze, RIGBY, after carefully examining gaslit-roof, as if it was that he had come in for to see, suddenly made a dart for Treasury Bench, and (as far as personal proportions make it possible) got under lee of his learned colleague the ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

"Reminds me," said PLUNKET, fresh from the country, all his ideas pastoral, "of scene you will come across just now passing any green pasture. A lamb momentarily separated from its dam stands at gaze. Then, discovering its protector a few yards off, suddenly dashes away and makes for its mother's side, where it tranquilly reposes."

To HANBURY's irresponsible tattle RUSSELL replied with wonderful command of temper, and simple but damaging array of facts. As for SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, he was impersonation of benevolent good

humour. He smiled and smiled, and declined to regard anybody, even HANBURY, as a villain. JOKIM looked across the table inquiringly and suspiciously.

"I know what he's thinking of," he hoarsely whispered. "It's his Budget that is to dish us with the Democracy. In my mind's eye I can see them both; the Big BILLEE presenting the Little BILLEE to an admiring House."

Only once did the SQUIRE vary from his benevolent mood. 'Twas in his closing words, which called upon House to show what they thought of HANBURY's proceeding by negating his amendment without division. This was done, not even the faithful and fearless CAP'EN venturing to call out "Aye, aye, Sir!" when DEPUTY-SPEAKER put the question.

Business done.—Votes in Committee of Supply.

Friday.—Determined attempt to waylay SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, and rob him of secret of his Budget. It was the blushing, blameless BARTLEY who conceived the crime, and endeavoured to accomplish the outrage. Been of late a little in the background. HANBURY been making the running. The CAP'EN steaming in and out with bewildering rapidity, ruthless recklessness. Time the dulcet tones of BARTLEY's voice should float again through entranced atmosphere.

Why should the massive bosom of the SQUIRE remain sole depository of secret of Budget? BARTLEY would draw him. Nothing so easy. Treated by a diplomatic person from North Islington, SQUIRE would be like clay in the potter's hands. So GEORGE CHRISTOPHER TROUT BARTLEY, author of *One Square Mile in the East of London*, *Provident Knowledge Papers*, and *The Parish Net*, cunningly constructed innocent-looking Amendment, laying down proposition that income-tax should be levied at lower scale upon incomes derived from industry than on revenues that roll in upon the capitalist. SQUIRE must reply, and could scarcely escape some chance reference that would disclose the drift of his Budget scheme.

But he did. Even chafed the Blameless One. Had heard his speech forty-five times, he said, with that provoking precision inborn in a Chancellor of Exchequer. "There is," he added, "a great deal in the Hon. Member's speech with which I agree, and a great deal from which I differ."

BARTLEY pricked up his ears. Now he would get something; and he did.

"He must, however," the SQUIRE continued, "excuse me if I postpone till another occasion telling him with what part of his speech I agree, and from which I differ."

"Drat him!" murmured the popular author. "No Knowledge Papers, provident or otherwise, to be got out of him. In vain I cast over him the Parish Net. Hereafter I shall keep clear of him, at a distance, say, of One Square Mile in the East of London."

Business done.—Some votes in Committee of Supply.



Big Billee and his Little Billee.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Raiders (FISHER UNWIN) is a stirring story of life in Scotland when GEORGE was King. And a pretty nice life they seem to have had. The scene is laid in Galloway, land untrod by WALTER SCOTT or any of Mr. CROCKETT's predecessors in this field of fiction. Mr. STEVENSON writing about *The Stickit Minister*, an earlier work by the same author, says of two of the stories contained, "They are drowned in Scotland." If the weather in Scotland generally is anything like that which prevails through the adventures of *Patrick Heron*, hero of this story, the marvel is that anyone should escape drowning. Through nearly every chapter of *The Raiders* there is storm or rain, and whilst it snows. On one occasion, *Patrick* and his friend the Gipsy King being snugly ensconced in the cave, "from whose very door the precipice, scarred and sheer, fell away both above and below," it snowed and simultaneously blew a hurricane for sixteen days! But that was a long time ago, and Scotland, in these days beset by tourists, knows how to behave itself better. Perhaps Galloway may be an exception to this rule. But with opportunity of

seeing it in moderately fine weather, there is no need to go to Switzerland or the Alps. The natives lived and fought, slaughtered and were killed, in a country whose sublime picturesqueness glows through the pages of *The Raiders*. Mr. CROCKETT's style is charming. My Baronite never knew how musical and picturesque is Scottish-English till he read this book; at least, such is the candid opinion which he gives to the THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

JOHNSONIAN ADVICE TO "NON-POSSUMUS" ANTI-PROGRESSIVES.—Clear your minds of "Can't"!

"FLAGGING ENERGY."—Last Thursday the Union Jack was hauled up and set a-flying over the House of Lords. Bad omen when it is a case of "Haul up with the Union."

Mrs. R. went to the theatre recently with a handsome niece, "who was quite," she observed, "the 'sinecure of every eye,' as the poet says."



SOCIAL AGONIES.—THE STOP-GAP.

Hostess (to Brown, who has been suddenly invited at the last moment, to make a Fourteenth). "Oh, it's so GOOD OF YOU TO COME. WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE ASKED YOU, IF WE HADN'T BEEN OBLIGED!"

THE PARLIAMENTARY "GRAND NATIONAL."

Critical Looker-on, loquitor:—

AHA! their new Jock! He's astride the old crock.
It was always a three-legged old plater!
Long BILL, in his big skin, aspire to the pig-skin?
He looks much more fit for a waiter!
Although he smiles cocky, a triple-chinned jockey
Is not quite the mount for my money.
He'll never go straight, or keep down to the weight,
Won't BILL,—that's the Bank to a bunny!

The Old 'Un could ride, and, when fair in his stride,
Took mere slugs over water or timber.
Old age and hard work never caused him to shirk,
And he managed to keep light and limber.
He steered that old horse over many a course,
Fair lifting him in at the finish!
But JUMBO? His waist has been bulking, post-haste,
And I'm blown if 'tis like to diminish!

Good old JUMBO! His style and his seat make one smile!
Still he ain't such bad form, for a welter!
To the van of the battle he comes with a rattle,
(As poor GORDON sings) helter-skelter.
But on this here course clever man and good horse
Are both likely to get into trouble.
They're over the water, but there will be slaughter,
You bet, when they come to the double!

Old Steeplechase WILL mixed his courage with skill;
His horse never felt the least doubt of him;
And when he'd a nag apt to falter or lag,
Knew how to get every ounce out of him.
You, JUMBO, old chip, may find need for your Whip,
When your crock shows a fancy for shunning.
You, JUMBO, old chap, may be glad of a gap,
"When the light-weight's away with the running."

Well, they'd no other choice; but the true public voice—
If you heard it—might act as a canker.

Great Scott, it's a burst! They are nearing the first,
And—bang goes BILL's whalebone a flanker.
Springs the whip with a crack! Sixteen stone on his back!
Your nag, BILL, is "doing his level."
But when full extended, his last ounce expended,
You'll have to "ride," BILL,—like the devil!
Well, go it, BILL, go it! You may get a poet,
Like brave LINDSAY GORDON, to fire you.
The "Primrose and Blue," BILL, may win, under you,
But this course, I've a fancy, will tire you.
This Steeplechase, BILL, taxes courage and skill;
It may end in a win—or the sexton!
Hands down! Don't be hasty! This obstacle's "nasty,"
But—nothing compared with the next 'un!

SOCIAL SUBJECT QUESTIONS.

(The Answers were given by Our Own Schoolboy.)

Q. What is a "drum"?

A. It is an instrument which, if beaten at a distance, is just bearable.

Q. Why should children go home for the holidays to see their parents?

A. Because it is the duty of children to see their parents at least once a year.

Q. You may remember a speech which made a great stir at the moment and was strongly commented upon by the *Times*. Who was it said "I am a Catholic First and an Englishman afterwards"?

A. JULIUS CÆSAR.

COLONEL QUOTEM.—Colonel SAUNDERSON at Belfast, Tuesday last, among other good things, observed that Lord ROSEBURY "appeared inclined to wear the mantle of the fallen prophet." The simile is, of course, the Biblical one of the mantle of ELIJAH falling upon the shoulders of ELISHA, but ELIJAH had gone up and had decidedly not "fallen." Mr. GLADSTONE has not "gone up" to the House of Peers, but he has certainly "gone up" in the estimation of all parties by retiring. However, probably Colonel SAUNDERSON's knowledge of his audience is better than his acquaintance with Scripture.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—April 7, 1894.



THE PARLIAMENTARY "GRAND NATIONAL."

RIGHT HONOURABLE ARTHUR B. "THIS IS A NASTY ONE—BUT IT'S NOTHING TO THE NEXT!"



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CAPTAIN VERNEY LOVETT-CAMERON, R.N.

Died, from an accident in the hunting-field, on Easter Monday, 1894, aged 50.

ANOTHER vanished of our great globe-rangers!
Strange, he who tracked the Lualaba's course,
And dared in safety the Dark Continent's dangers,
Should find home-death in falling from his horse!
But he, the traveller long held lost, who found
Dead LIVINGSTONE, and his great work completed,
Had done enough for honour; and the sound
Of praise hails one more hero, undefeated
Save by that cold, capricious tyrant, ruthless Death,
Who stays no great soul's glory with his breath!

PROPOSED CHANGE OF NAME.
—Of course it has been suggested before, but several digs in the ribs are necessary in order to excite the attention of the authorities. There are two, perhaps more, streets named after King WILLIAM. Why not call the Charing Cross King William Street after the Johnnie who plays in it? Suppress the other Tooley Street, and let this be "Johnnie-Tooley Street." Why not?

**WHAT OUR POET HAS TO PUT UP WITH.**

"SO GLAD TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, MR. SWEETBELLS. I'VE SO OFTEN HEARD OF YOU FROM MY FATHER—THE COMMISSIONER IN LUNACY, YOU KNOW!"

CUCKOO!

(A Shakespearian Spring Song brought up to date.)

"One of the invariable concomitants of Spring... is the squabble about the Cuckoo."—JAMES PAYN.]

WHEN costers howl, with noses blue,
Their "All - er - blowin'!" left and right,
And evening prints of pinky hue [light,
Record each rowdy football
The Cuckoo then, is sure to be
Squabbled about, cuckooishly.
Cuckoo!
Cuckoo, cuckoo:—O word of fear
Unpleasing to our harried ear!
When statesmen split their party straws,
And shops clear out their winter stocks;
Then, then the "correspondent" jaws
And gossips clack, like cuckoo-clocks!
The Cuckoo then—if not on tree—
Pipes—in the papers—plentifully,
Cuckoo!
Cuckoo, Cuckoo:—O word of fear
Unpleasing to each harried ear!

GEOGRAPHICAL QUERY.—Mrs. R. wants to know where the Antipapelo Islands are situated?

LAYS FROM THE LINKS.

To Gee Gee's air of "See me Dance the Polka," by a Green Beginner.

You should see me use the driver
When I play my morning round,
You should see its head go flying,
For I often hit the ground;
You should hear me talking golf "shop,"
You should see how it "clears the show."
For the shop that belongs to a foursome
Is the deadliest shop I know!
You should see me wield the niblick
When my ball gets into a rut,
You should see me land an iron-shot
As far as a moderate putt;
You should see the caddies laughing
Whenever they hear my name—
I'm in great demand for a foursome,
For I play such a useful game!
You should see me down at Cliqueville
Competing for the "SMITH-JONES Cup,"
But you never will see me dorny,
For I've never yet been one up:
I blush when I mention long-spoons,
With short-spoons just the same;
So I keep out of ladies' foursomes,
For I can't play a "brassy" game!
You should see me "top the gutta"
(It affords me no annoy),
You should see me "laid a stymie"
(It's the thing I most enjoy);
But I once did a hole in twenty
Or thirty strokes—or so—
And I now maintain that a foursome
Is the grandest game I know!

DISCOVERIES IN SKY.—Sir HENRY THOMPSON, the eminent surgeon, has offered the magnificent sum of £5000 to the nation for the purchase of a new telescope for Greenwich Observatory. Not satisfied with being an undeniable authority on gastronomy, Sir HENRY is now about to earn the thanks of several Heavenly Bodies for bringing them in closer communication with our earth. Perhaps, by some surgical operation, he could get one of the "Heavenly Twins" to visit us, and bring us a specimen of ethereal drink in a bottle of "milky whey," and, in another bottle, the spirit known as "Three Stars." Sir HENRY might start a Company of "Astral Bodies," Limited.

"A STORY OF HIDDEN TREASURE." (See *Times* of March 29.)—There will already have been a rush for this idea, and the first to grasp it and bring out a romance will win, unless it should turn out that Mr. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is the "correspondent" who sent the strange tale to the *Times*, in which case the novel will be announced in a few days by the author of *Treasure Island*, which is sure to be "treasure trove" for the readers thereof.

MOST SATISFACTORY.—The Lyceum "*Returns*" during the past week, i.e. our ELLEN TERRY and our HENRY IRVING, from America.

GLADSTONIAN REGIMEN.—Mr. G.'s diet is most conducive to his health, and it is all taken in the open air, as he walks out with his axe, and at luncheon-time he goes in for small cuts and big chops.

THE WHOLE ART OF FICTION.

(Plots for Novels for sale.)

NOVELISTS weary of commonplace platitude,
Seeking developments striking and new,
Listen, and learn with appropriate gratitude
What a resource is here opened for you!

Writers of stories, designers of serials,
Up to the present you've painfully made
Quite a superfluous search for materials,
Here is a system your labours to aid.

Whether you write in a style allegorical,
Whether the comic you cultivate most,
Tales of adventure, romances historical,
Plots for them all will be sent you by post!

And when the trade has attained to dimensions that

Few at the present would dare to conceive,
Surely the scheme will admit of extensions that
Further your arduous work will relieve.

For if the plot, in the manner suggested in
Offers like this you are willing to buy,
Characters too will be largely invested in,
Dialogue somebody else will supply.

Thus, by adapting the work of your neighbour, you

Quickly the taste of the public will please;
Thus, by this splendid division of labour, you
Surely will write with ridiculous ease;

Thus without any commanding ability
Soon you'll secure the renown which you seek,
And by this scheme of enormous utility
End by producing a novel a week!



LOGICAL.

Effie. "MUMMY, WHY DO THEY HUNT LIONS AN' TIGERS?"

Mamma. "BECAUSE THEY KILL THE POOR LITTLE SHEEP, EFFIE."

Effie (after a pause). "THEN WHY DON'T THEY HUNT THE BUTCHERS, MUMMY?"

LITERA SCRIPTA.

My STREPHON, if I cannot give
Your warm attachment due requital,
'Tis not, believe me, that I live
In hopes of capturing a title;
Sufficient are your small estates,
I feel for you distinct affection,
Graphology alone dictates
Your unconditional rejection.

Although a trifle commonplace,
You have no qualities distressing,
You're no Adonis, yet your face
Is, in some measure, prepossessing.
No doubt to wed a millionaire
Would be the happiest lot of any,
Your income is, however, fair,
And millionaires are none too many.

But still our matrimonial plans,
I fear, will never be effected;
Graphology forbids the banns,
And shows your vices unsuspected:
That uncrossed *t*, that careless *i*,
Those letters formed in haste erratic,
Are moral *lapaus calami*,
That form an obstacle emphatic.

Vain is remonstrance on your part,
This note disqualifies a suitor;
In all such matters of the heart,
Graphology must be my tutor;
Henceforward you will understand
Why I reject your admiration,
And he who fain would win my hand
Must send a written application!

TO ANGELINA, DAMOSEL ERRANT.

[*"Fle fro the pres."*—*Good Counsel of Chaucer.*]

My twinkling meteoric love,
I've often wondered where you are,
Since, like the dear diluvian dove,
You flitted on your *Wanderjahr*.

Compelled to take another fair
To be the butt of my effusions,
I trusted to the printer's care
My tropes and delicate allusions.

For you, I said, would know my hand
Under "Tip-topics of the Week";
Old memories would waken and
A sorry rheum bedew your cheek;

And jealousy would in you burn
And freely melt your snowy breast,
And ultimately you'd return
To seek forgiveness on my chest.

Meanwhile I raked the haunts of men,
The club, the common bar, the course;
I dogged the gambler to his den,
And questioned members of the Force;

I thought to trace your form disguised
As *Patte en l'air* or *Columbine*,
And frankly own I am surprised
To find you in the printing line!

I never guessed you loved the art,
Although, of course, I often hinted
That on the tablets of your heart
My faithful name should be imprinted.

But when my verses, more or less
Adapted to the concertina,
Got rudely mangled in the press,
I spotted you, my ANGELINA.

I recognised a woman's spite,
That rankles like a common splinter,
And knew it was my heart's delight
Had played the devil of a printer.

The proofs were there; they could be seen;
It drove me nigh to pessimism,
This fruit of lawless rites between
A *Malaprop* and Spoonerism!

The "load of all my bitter past"
Was grossly changed to "lard" and
"butter";

I "sought a shelter from the blast,"
The proof declared I "bought a shutter."

The "spoils of time" were turned to
"spills,"

"Union and peace" to "peas and onions,"
The "lover's ills" to "liver pills,"
And "Cupid's pinions" to his "bunions."

O ANGELINA, turn again
And print a kiss on lips of mine!
Come back, and wed your amorous swain!
(Please do not read it "humorous swine.")

Oh, listen to the Laureate's pipe!
With Nature let your feud abate;
And be more careful of the type,
More careless of the single state!

A CHANCE.—"A gentleman going abroad" advertised in the *Times* the other day that he wanted "to realise 167 dozen of wine at once." When "wine is in," as we all know, "wit is out"; but as the wine evidently is not "in," surely the gentleman must be strangely lacking in the imaginative faculty not to be able to sit down and "realise" to himself the notion of "167 dozen of wine." Sit in your chair, think of it, shut your eyes, see the 167 dozen in your mind's eye, HORATIO, and the thing is done. But we can't realise enough to buy the 167 dozen; which is quite another story.



"NO EXPECTATIONS"—EVIDENTLY.

Uncle. "CAN'T GET OVER THAT RUBBER LAST NIGHT. LOSING ALL THAT MONEY TO YOU! IT STILL STICKS IN MY THROAT!"
Nephew. "DOES IT? I WISH IT HAD STUCK IN MY POCKET!"

VAGABOND VERSES.

TO ALTHEA.

I WROTE you a sonnet last night,
It seemed such a brilliant idea,
And when I had finished it quite
I wrote at the top "TO ALTHEA."
Then I read it three times to find out
What manner of sonnet it was,
And the third reading banished my doubt,
For I tore it across and across.

For somehow I hoped to compress
The torture and tumult and bliss,
And the general conflict and stress,
And the rapture we only just miss
Into fourteen rhymed lines, that should float
All down the broad river of Time—
A sonnet the Last Man might quote,
A cameo, small but sublime!

Of vintage I counted thy thought
The rarest, and bound to endure,
And rhymes were the cork that I sought
For keeping the bottle secure!
But though I had corked the thing fast
With infinite labour and pride,
A critical glance when I cast,
I found that the wine was outside!

These rhymings, what worth is in them,
That never will haunt you an hour—
But since I can't give you a gem,
Why shouldn't I give you a flower?
Since aught that can echo and live
Your poet can never indite,
These vagabond verses forgive,
In lieu of the sonnet last night.

"THE WORM WILL TURN."—Especially
when connected with a cogwheel in motion.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE—EASTER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—You are so good to us fellows that I am quite sure you won't mind putting in a suggestion on our behalf. I see that some people calling themselves "Paterfamilias," "A Parent," "The Father of a Public Schoolboy," and the like, have been writing to the papers suggesting that the Easter Holidays are very "inconvenient." They complain that the uncertainty about the dates of the vacation causes no end of trouble. One of these persons last week said that he had a master son who came home in the middle of March, a scholar son who turned up in the second week of April, and a boarding-school daughter who did not have her vacation until the month of May. He declared that in consequence of this arrangement his eldest son and that eldest son's sister never met. Of course, this was a cause of great regret to the parent, who, however, seemed more cut up at the fact that the mixture of dates seriously interfered with his own convenience. Now, with a view to pleasing everyone, I have a suggestion to make. If the times are all different, why not get them uniform by fixing the Easter Holidays to begin in the middle of March and to end in the middle of May? By this arrangement brothers and sisters will be able to be at home all together. This will please the masters and the boys equally, and if Paterfamilias objects, why let him refer the matter to Materfamilias who is more of a brick than he is. Thanking you in advance for inserting this letter and possibly for sending me next term a hamper, I remain,

Your affectionate little friend,
JONES MINOR.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

Leith Boroughs.—Despite the fact that Tory Party fought with one of the Blue Bells of Scotland, a handsome victory for the promising young Whip, MURDO-FERGUSON.

Hawick.—Liberal motto here—"SHAW to win." True, no doubt, that "every dog has his day," but election-day here evidently not FULLARTON'S.

Montgomeryshire.—Result here a paradox, OWEN, the M.P., a Liberal; but the Tories, having dropped their MYTTON, secure a WYNN.

Berwickshire.—This delightful country seat let to a highly eligible young TENNANT. C. B. BALFOUR, however, says, not a life-Tennant.

Wisbech.—Liberals satisfied their candidate is of the right BRAND. STOPFORD SACKVILLE finds it difficult to compete with songs of the singing Mrs. BRAND.

Romford.—Liberals irreverently called the "little BETHELL" party. Tory proverb here—MONEY (WIGRAM) makes the Mayor (of West Ham) go.

PARLIAMENTARY EARLY SUMMER DISH.—This is represented by Sir W. V. HARCOURT, the leader in the House, and the hon. gentleman who, immediately after him, addressed a recent meeting of the Liberal Party:—DUX and PEASE.

A SPECIAL MESSAGE.—"I don't mind being invalidated a bit," says Major VAN TRUMP; "as, whether I can get down to my whist at the club or not, I am compelled to have 'a rubber' in my room every morning."

"LORD JACK AND MY
LADY JILL."

(The Latest Romance of the
Peerage.)

FORTUNE had been very good to JACK BROWN-JONES. He had succeeded beyond his wildest dreams of ambition. He had successfully contested an election, and had been returned to the House of Commons by a small but sufficient majority of half-a-dozen votes. At Westminster he had done wonders. Joining the extreme Radicals, he had asked so many awkward questions that he had been put down for a special place in the list of the coming Government. He had but one regret, and it was not a very deep one. Although bitterly opposed to the House of Peers, he was distantly—very distantly—related to a member of that august but useless Assembly. He was ninth cousin, twice removed, to a Baron of the Realm. Well, what of that? When the time came, in spite of the blood relationship existing between himself and one of the hereditary legislators, he would vote the abolition of the Upper Chamber, not only without compunction, but with absolute pleasure. Seeing so bright a prospect before him, JACK had engaged himself to a young lady of advanced views. JILL was as beautiful as she was free, and as good as she was unconventional. She was careful not to interfere with the career of her *fiancé*. In fact, she had not the time, for she had a career of her own. She believed in latch-keys, and unattended visits to music-halls. She sympathised with the nursing movement, and wished to join the Amazon detachment of the Ambulance Corps. She knew her platoon exercise as well as her bandage drill, and was quite as successful in making a bull's-eye as binding up a man's leg. So although she never disturbed JACK unnecessarily, she did not consider it contrary to maidenly modesty to look him up when she pleased.

"Have a brandy and soda, JILL?" said JACK, as he continued writing at his desk—he was engaged upon a magazine article intended to shake the House of Lords to its very foundation. "Help yourself, like a good girl, as I have a lot of letters to write before post time."

"All right, old man," answered the lovely female. "I will rob you of some spirits and fizzing-water. You don't mind smoking, do you?" and without pausing for a reply, JILL lighted a cigarette. JACK stolidly continued his labours, and after a silence of a quarter of an hour turned round in his chair, and faced his visitor.

"And now, my dear old girl, what do you want? If it's money, say so at once, for I have plenty of it; and I need scarcely tell you that my cheque-book (*plus signatures*) is entirely at your disposal."

"You are really a trump, old man," returned the fair girl with glittering eyes; "but I am hanged if I want anything of the kind."

JILL did not say "hanged," but that is a word that will do as well as (and perhaps better than) any other.

"Then what's it all about?"

"You asked me some years ago to become your wife. Well, at that moment I was more accustomed to the nursery than behind the scenes at the Frivolity, and did not know my mind. I wanted to see life. Since then I have seen it, and consider life a dashed bad business."

The lovely lady did not say "dashed," but "dashed" is a word that will do as well as (and perhaps better than) any other.

"And so you want to withdraw your refusal?" queried JACK. "But, my dear lass, business is business, and I can't give you a reply in a hurry. The happiness of my life—besides yours—depends upon my decision. We may find after we have agreed to share the



FULL-UP.

AN OMNIBUS SKETCH.

same name on the same address cards that we are a drag upon one another."

"I don't think we shall," returned JILL, earnestly; "and if we do, we can get a deed of separation. You see, my dear boy, I am nothing if not practical."

"And so am I, my good old lass," put in JACK; "and it would be awful rot were we to take a step that would cause mutual inconvenience."

"Rot!" echoed JILL; "it would be blessed rot."

JILL did not say "blessed," but "blessed" is a word that will do as well as (and perhaps better than) any other.

"But," continued the fair female with animation, "I don't see how it can hurt either of us. You are in the House of Commons. You have the ball at your feet. All you have to do is to stretch forth your leg, and kick it. But here, I am hanged if I did not forget to give you this letter."

And, again, JILL did not use the word "hanged," but "hanged" is once more an expression that will do as well as (and perhaps better than) any other. The young man opened the letter carefully, and, having read it, turned as white as a turnip, and possibly whiter.

"What's up, old chap?" asked JILL, putting down her cigarette for a moment, and fixing her *fiancé* with her *pince-nez*.

"I am a ruined man," gasped out Jack. "My noble

relative and all his immediate descendants are dead, and I have succeeded to the peerage!"

"A gone coon," was the reply, followed by a lengthy and melancholy whistle. "Then you are no longer BROWN-JONES?"

"We must defer further discussion until a more fitting oppor-

tunity," commented JILL, and once more puffing at her cigarette, she nodded to her ex-nancé and left him.

"Confound my coronet!" muttered the young man, when alone. And the same idea was conveyed in stronger language (but "confound" will do as well as, and perhaps better than, any other epithet) by the girl who had left him behind her.

Word to the (more or less) Wise.

Who writes o'er much about the rowdy rough
In bellowing 'gainst a bore becomes a muff.
Better much blethering bunkum calmly suffer
Than make a public danger of a duffer!

"A DEAD OPEN-AND-SHUT."—Mr. GRANT ALLEN, in his *Post-prandial Philosophy*, says: "The rarest thing in the world is the open mind." No, there is a rarer—the shut mouth. Mr. GRANT ALLEN's profuse, and sometimes needlessly irritating, illustrations of the first rarity occasionally make us yearn for—the second.

"I tell you what, Sir," said Dr. JOHNSON, looking up from his ancestor's *Dictionary*, which he had been attentively perusing while walking down Fleet Street, "the bye-elections have ended in a sell!"

DOING GOOD BY STEALTH.—A too ardent lover of literature, who had brought himself to book, arrested for having stolen a copy of *Dodo*. Mr. BENSON's book will in future be the standard "volume of crime."

A LARGE UNDERTAKING.—*A Comedy of Signs.*

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The following extract from the "Review or Reviews," Nov., 1890, is of interest to every Smoker:

THE PIPE IN THE WORKHOUSE.—The picture drawn by our Helper of the poor old man in the workhouse, puffing away at an empty pipe, has touched the hearts of some of our correspondents. One who dates from the High Alps, and signs himself "Old Screw," says: "I have been struck with your suggestion in the October number of the Review or Reviews for a scheme to supply smokers in union workhouses with tobacco. I am afraid, judged by the ordinary standards, I am the most selfish of mortals, as I never give a cent away for purposes of so-called charity; but this scheme of yours appeals at once to the sympathies of a hardened and inveterate smoker. Were I in London, I would at once start a collecting-bag for the fund, and levy contributions for it on my smoking acquaintances, but, unfortunately, my business compels me to be a wanderer round the Continent for the next nine months. I can, however, do a little, and would like to contribute a pound of what I consider the BEST SMOKING TOBACCO, viz., 'PLAYER'S NAVY CUT' (this is not an advertisement). I enclose, therefore, a cheque for the amount."

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